

tion. We cannot reason out even the most legitimate deductions. The immeasurable is incomprehensible. But the idealist, the humanitarian man, may stand upon the edge of this wide wilderness of waste and ruin, and gain some idea of the work which yet remains to be done ere the millennium dawns. He can find here plentiful arguments against idleness and indifference, plenty of reasons why he should be doing his part toward working out the great redemption which must assuredly be worked out and finished. That it will be worked out, and largely thro the instrumentality of consecrated men and women, is the antidote of all discouragement. Do we not want to have a part in the final triumph? Do we not want to be present at the jubilee of a saved world? Will it not be worth while to have some of the eternal glory reflected upon you and me? Will it not be worth while to wait a thousand years, if need be, to see this consummation for the accomplishment of which Christ died? Let the fires of a divine enthusiasm kindle in your soul, that by sowing the seeds of righteousness about you, there will be, by that humble, faithful effort, a distinct helping and hastening of a world's salvation.

Brief Notes

A woman in Patterson, New Jersey, cut out her tongue because it was constantly making trouble. This was a rather heroic remedy for a remarkably prevalent affliction.

A man in New York was arrested for sending in false fire alarms for fun. An obstinate disbelief in the sincerity of spiritual warnings is one of the characteristics of the unregenerate nature.

Rev. David Evans of Middletown, New York, launches a unique pastoral innovation in the shape of a smoking party for the young men of his parish. Fog is doubtless a feature in this man's ministry.

The reason we make so little progress in spiritual building is that the "frames" which we put up on Sunday are allowed to tumble down during the week. If we conducted our temporal affairs on the same principle, we would all be living in caves and feeding on lizards.

Disciplining a rebellious desire, or doing in the line of Christian duty the things we don't want to do, is the crutch stage of Christian experience. The harmony of desire and duty is the stage of power. Perhaps it is better to walk on crutches than not to walk at all.

It is said that "treating" is on the decline in the larger cities, but those who drink are not declining whenever they get a chance to make hogs of themselves, up and down the gradations of beastliness. The statistical stupendity, the waste, the wickedness, the horror of the traffic is not declining.

It is part of the world's unwisdom that men are always predicating their hopes of success upon external things. The true theory is that success or failure depends upon the inner man. Hence the great importance of that kind of home culture and school culture which develops the most stalwart manhood.

A wealthy New Yorker paid \$500.00 the other day to get his dog insured in a policy of \$3000.00. In that city thousands of the very poor are suffering every extremity of cold and hunger. Men like this dogophilist out anarchize the anarchists, because they illustrate in a striking manner the intolerable

abuses of a system which as often as otherwise pampers the most contemptible while it crushes the most worthy. Look out, ye gilded vermin when justice falls.

Famine has again invaded several provinces of Russia, but the Red Cross Society is said to be dealing with the problem effectively. The cross is becoming more and more a symbol of mercy and philanthropy, which is a far advance from the era of doctrinal contention and sectarian bitterness, formerly so conspicuous in the religious world. "I was hungry and ye gave me meat, naked and ye clothed me, sick and ye visited me." This is the real article. Formula and creed and ceremonialism is not Christianity.

A pompous religious exhibition is to be one of the features of the coming Paris international exposition. Being in Catholic France, of course the object is to glorify Romanism, an effect easily accomplished since outward show is the sum and substance of that so-called religion. True religion never goes on exhibition except by the unavoidable publicity of its good works. Hidden leaven fitly symbolizes the real article.

Peter's pence supplies the enormous revenues of the Catholic church. Why not tap this fountain of practical wisdom in the interest of our College and Publishing House fund? Every man, woman and child in the Brethren church would give a penny once a month to these causes if some one clothed with proper authority should simply hold out a hand for it at the proper, stated time. Will not the respective Boards take the hint?

The original Hull army bill which called for a standing army of 100,000 men has been modified so as to authorize the enlistment of 50,000; which we may observe is quite enough for millennial purposes, or for the legitimate purposes of a free people, either. A big army is the most dangerous menace to liberty.

The saloon would willingly turn the world into a pandemonium, and in some communities, by the aid of the "nice people," and even not a few of the "pious," they come very near doing it. Nothing so vividly illustrates the moral confusion in the world as the quasi support of this vast iniquity by otherwise respectable people.

The republic of Colombia, South America, will erect a gigantic statue of Christ in the public square of the capital city to commemorate the advance of Christian civilization. This is a typical Catholic idea. Statues, and pompous processions, and imposing ceremonies make up for the most part its ideas of Christianity.

The latest theory of malaria is that its germs are brought from the swamps thro the agency of mosquitos, and thus communicated to men and women. This is not the only, nor conspicuous, illustration of an evil intention and an evil influence behind insinuating manners. That is by no means a guileless song of the melodious mosquito.

The embalmed beef scandal is exciting the country, and great indignation is felt toward the guilty officials. But worse than the poisoned food was the drink poison which the government openly dealt to the soldiers in the abominable "canteen." The embalmed beef is an unusually nasty gnat, we admit, but the "canteen" is about the dirtiest, slimiest old camel we have seen in a long time.

"Forgetting the things which are behind," said Paul. Now fancy him with his head twisted around so that like some professors we know, he could keep at least half an eye on the things left behind, what sort of a run would he make shuffling along sidewise? And yet some people wonder why their Christian experience is not entirely satisfactory.

This is the season of charity balls, in which revelry and often immorality is made to perform for a brief period the duties of benevolence. There are many who will give nothing to charity unless they get an equivalent in some form of selfishness. It is not unlike a popular form of church liberality where

considerable financial results are obtained by highly spiced appeals to appetite, vanity and pleasure.

A member of the New York Legislature has introduced a bill to legalize sports and shows on Sunday, to be conducted in a "quiet manner." This is certainly an age of new ideas, and this one that flagrant transgressions of God's sacred laws may be allowable if unaccompanied with undue noise marks a distinct advance into hitherto unexplored regions of originality. Only let the brawl, bawl and bluster of bar-rooms, theaters and race tracks lower its accustomed loudness into a sort of holy hush, and the Lord will wink at it. If the devil ever laughed in his life, it must have been a merry time in hell when this bill was reported.

A noted young New York millionaire declines the gift of a palace at Newport on the ground that it is too expensive to support. There are many others who refuse the gifts of a far more splendid and enduring mansion, for the simple reason that holiness is the indispensable condition of the gift. The cost of holiness appals them; but who can estimate the present and ultimate cost of those sins which they are so loath to give up? They lose the infinite rewards of righteousness, they incur the infinite ruin of transgression. Herein is the unspeakable folly of the ungodly world.

Professor Koch, of Berlin, the great authority on disease germs, has discovered that butter, even the best, contains bacilli of tuberculosis. These troublesome microbe specialists will make us afraid to eat, drink, sleep, breathe, talk, sing, laugh or cry. They say that people die in this world. It is dangerous to be here at all. Disease germs are everywhere and in everything, but the prevalent germs of moral disease are most to be feared. A serene trust in providence and a constant attitude of mental and moral superiority to the menace of danger is the best protection.

That we have fallen upon evil times politically, and that corruption in official positions is far too prevalent, will be conceded we believe by every thoughtful citizen, whatever his party affiliations. By far the worst feature of the present condition, too, is that the public conscience has become so hardened that many evidences of the grossest wrongdoing only cause a smile at the cleverness of the rascal, rather than active indignation toward the criminal. That the public can look on at the efforts of a United States Senator to re-elect himself, who has been repeatedly charged by the most reputable papers in the country with being an embezzler of \$650,000 from the treasury of his State, and who is now under criminal indictment for misuse of public funds, and not sound such a protest that he would never dare face honest men again, indicates more clearly than any words could the degradation of the moral sense of the people. If any of our readers would get at the conditions which have made such a spectacle possible, we would advise them to read an article in the February issue of SELF CULTURE magazine, by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin. Nowhere else have we seen the evolution of the "purchasing and purchased Boss" so clearly and incisively portrayed. It is "the political management of industries" that breeds this kind of man, and he is "not an accident, but an evolution."

DIRECTORY

Secretary's Address

Those having occasion to write to brother J. C. Cassel, will address him at 715 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Brethren Mission

Chicago.—193 Oakley Ave. Rev. J. O. Talley, pastor, residence 517 Warren Ave. Sadie Gibbons, assistant pastor, 517 Warren Ave. Preaching services each Sabbath, 11 A. M., and 8 P. M.

The cut to accompany Brother Kimmel's sermon arrived this morning. Will appear next week.